



MARVEL

69

EXILES





Part I of III

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INTRODUCING
THE NEW
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THERE IS A WAR BEING
FOUGHT RIGHT HERE IN
AMERICA.

ON ONE SIDE ARE **MUTANTS**--
SUPER-PEOPLE WHO MOSTLY
WANT TO GET ALONG WITH
THE REST OF MANKIND.

ON THE OTHER SIDE ARE **NORMAL**
FOLKS TRYING EVERYTHING FROM
SPECIAL LAWS TO KILLER ROBOTS
TO KEEP MUTANTS IN CHECK.

THEY'RE **SCARED** OF TEENAGERS WHO
CAN TOSS THEM INTO ORBIT OR MELT
THEIR BRAINS--AND WHO CAN BLAME THEM?
I USED TO BE AFRAID OF MUTANTS, TOO...



...AND THEN ONE DAY I FOUND OUT I WAS ONE.

BUT I DO NOT HAVE A COOL POWER, LIKE LASER-BREATH OR PERFECT HAIR. NO, I JUST TURNED INTO SOMETHING THAT WOULD PUT YOU OFF CHICKEN FOREVER.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, MY PARENTS WERE WORRIED. BUT THEY FOUND A SCHOOL IN UPSTATE NEW YORK THAT SPECIALIZES IN KIDS WITH MY "AFFLICTION."

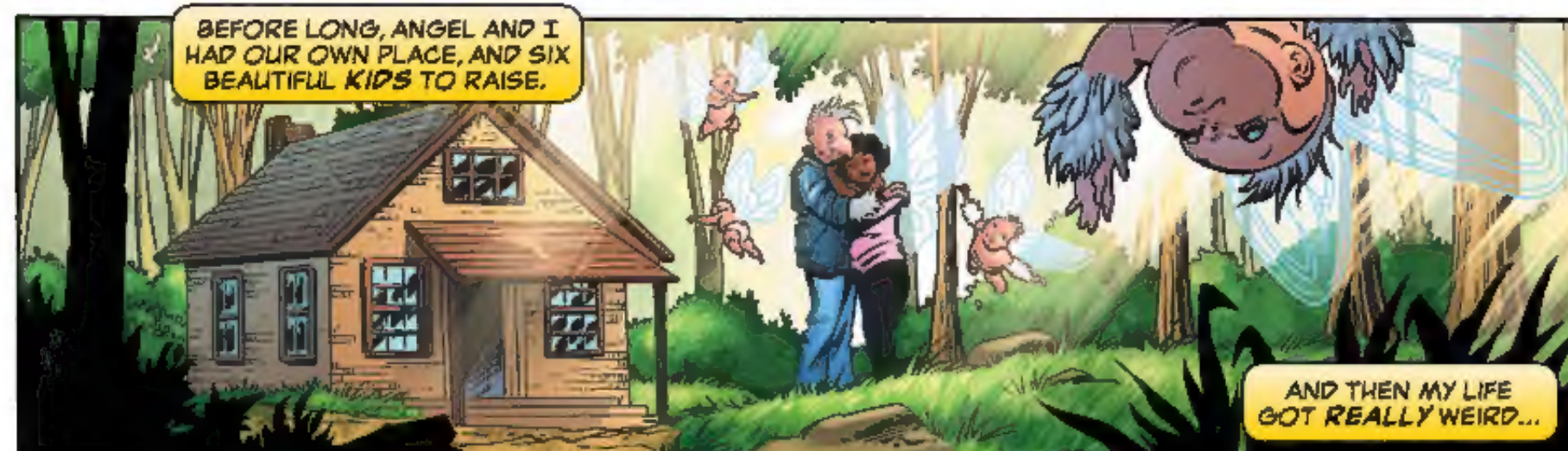


AND THAT IS HOW I, BARNELL BOHUSK--AKA THE BEAK--ENDED UP AT THE XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING...




...WHERE, EVEN AMONG FREAKS, I STILL GOT STARED AT.

I WAS PLACED IN MISTER KORN'S REMEDIAL CLASS, AND I MET THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS-- ANGEL SALVATORE.



BEFORE LONG, ANGEL AND I HAD OUR OWN PLACE, AND SIX BEAUTIFUL KIDS TO RAISE.

AND THEN MY LIFE GOT REALLY WEIRD...




THESE STRANGERS SHOWED UP SAYING SOMETHING WAS TERRIBLY *WRONG* WITH THE WORLD AND THEY WERE HERE TO FIX IT.

THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE EXILES.

THEY TRAVEL FROM DIMENSION TO DIMENSION, PARALLEL UNIVERSE TO PARALLEL UNIVERSE. YOU KNOW, LIKE IN THAT "SLIDERS" SHOW?


IT TURNS OUT THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF ALTERNATE EARTHS OUT THERE, WHERE, SURELY, I MUST BE BETTER LOOKING.



THE EXILES VISIT REALITIES HEADED FOR DISASTER AND STEER THEM BACK ON TRACK. USUALLY BY BEATING SOMEONE UP.

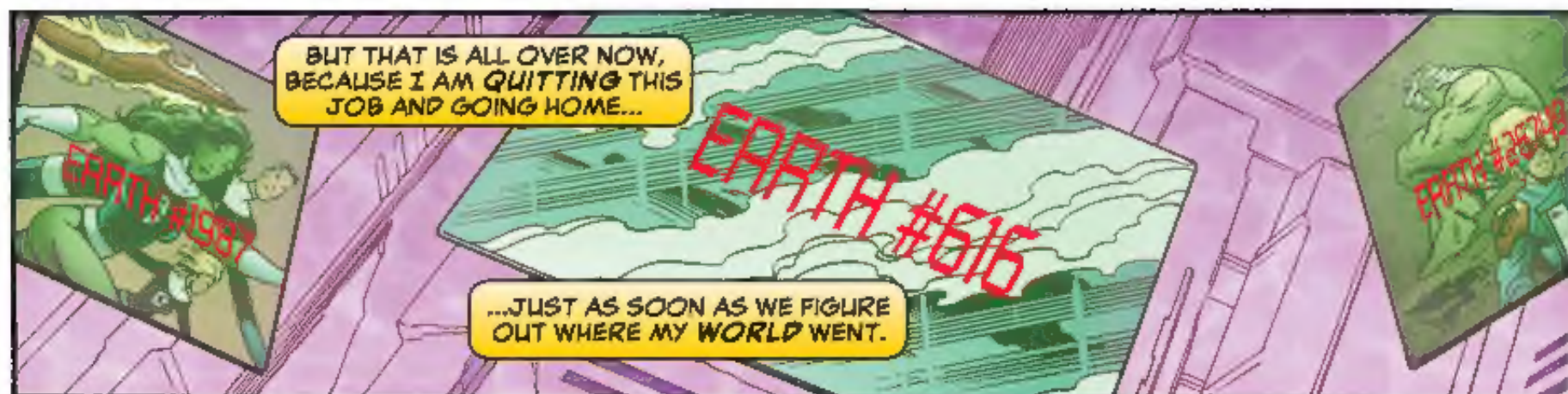
THEY SAID I HAD TO LEAVE MY FAMILY AND JOIN THEIR TEAM.

SO I SPENT THE LAST FEW MONTHS SAVING ONE MESSED-UP EARTH AFTER ANOTHER.



WE'VE FOUGHT BAD MUTANTS, AN EVIL WIZARD, A LIVING PLANET... ONE TIME WE EVEN SAVED THE WORLD WITH A CHEESE DANISH.

REALLY. I AM *NOT* MAKING THIS STUFF UP.



DON'T WORRY, BABY, I WON'T LOOK LIKE GROUND CHUCK FOR MUCH LONGER.

IT'S THE HEALING FACTOR I MIMICKED OFF DEADPOOL. IT SAVED MY LIFE, BUT THE SIDE EFFECTS WON'T WIN ME ANY BEAUTY CONTESTS.

I KNOW. HEATHER SAID IT'S SOME SORT OF AUTO-IMMUNE RESPONSE TURNING YOUR SKIN INTO SCAR TISSUE OR SOMETHING...

WELL, ONCE I MIMIC YOUR MUTANT TALENT, IT'LL DISPLACE DEADPOOL'S, AND...

...AND...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU KNOW HOW IN ORDER TO COPY A NEW POWER, I HAVE TO GIVE UP AN OLD ONE?

RIGHT.

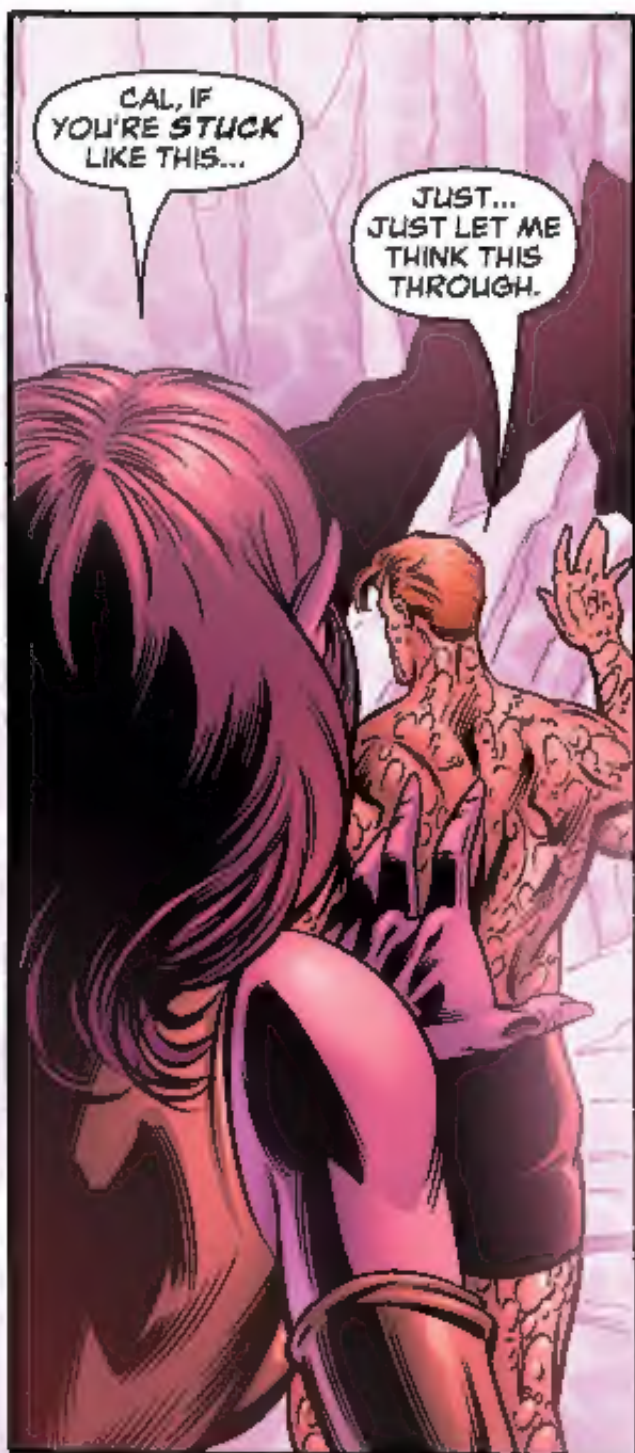
...HOLD ON...

...WHY ISN'T THIS WORKING...?

AND I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO CHOOSE WHICH OF MY POWERS I GIVE UP.

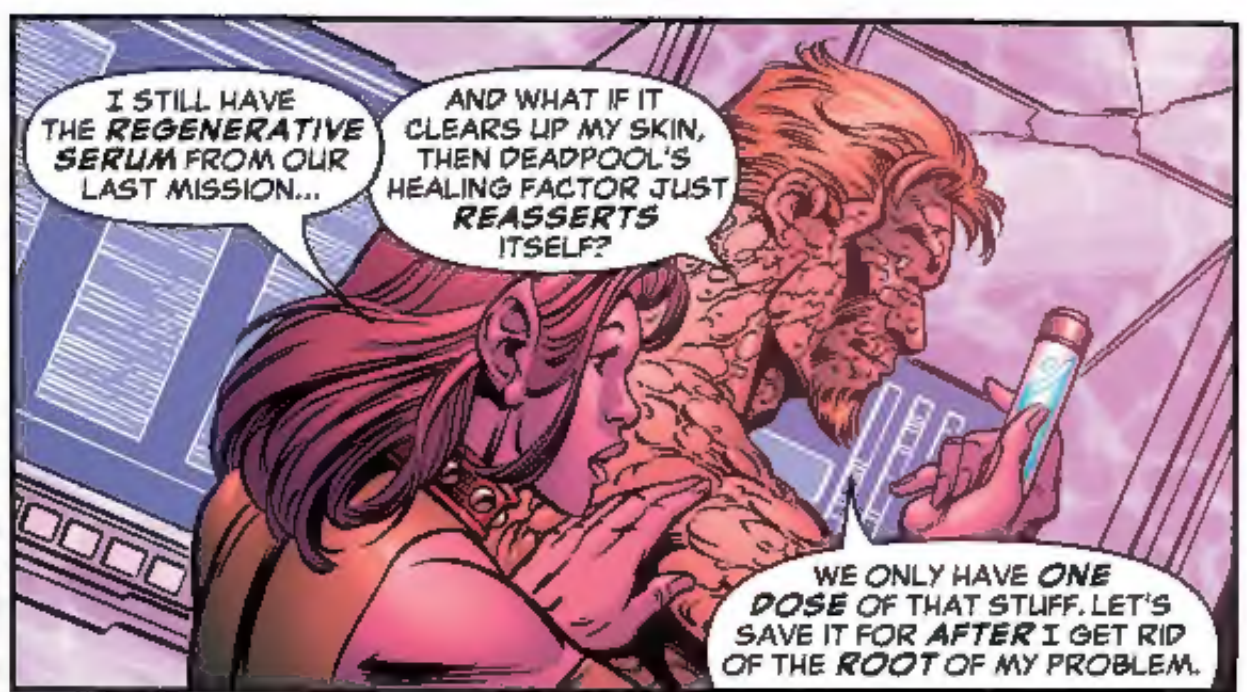
...BUT FOR SOME REASON DEADPOOL'S LITTLE CURSE JUST WON'T LET GO.

MAYBE IT'S RESISTING MY WILL THE WAY IT WOULD FIGHT A DISEASE... I DON'T KNOW...



CAL, IF YOU'RE STUCK LIKE THIS...

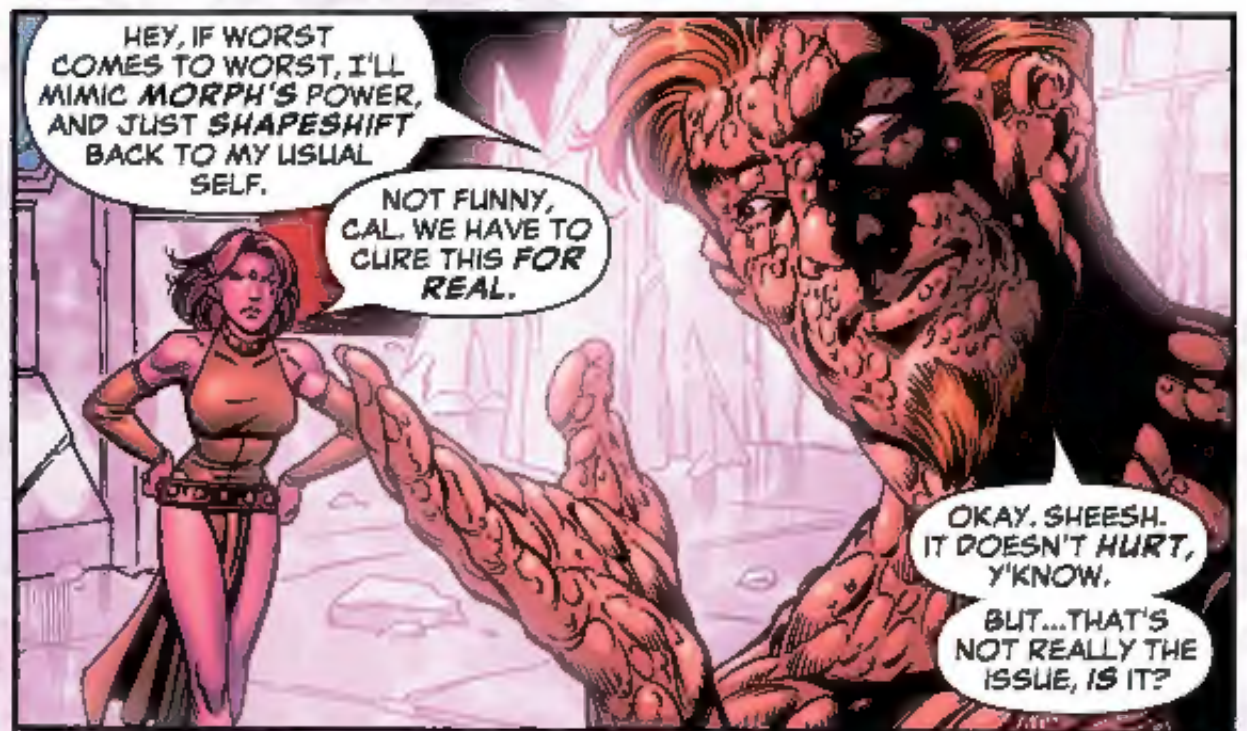
JUST... JUST LET ME THINK THIS THROUGH.



I STILL HAVE THE REGENERATIVE SERUM FROM OUR LAST MISSION...

AND WHAT IF IT CLEARS UP MY SKIN, THEN DEADPOOL'S HEALING FACTOR JUST REASSERTS ITSELF?

WE ONLY HAVE ONE DOSE OF THAT STUFF. LET'S SAVE IT FOR AFTER I GET RID OF THE ROOT OF MY PROBLEM.

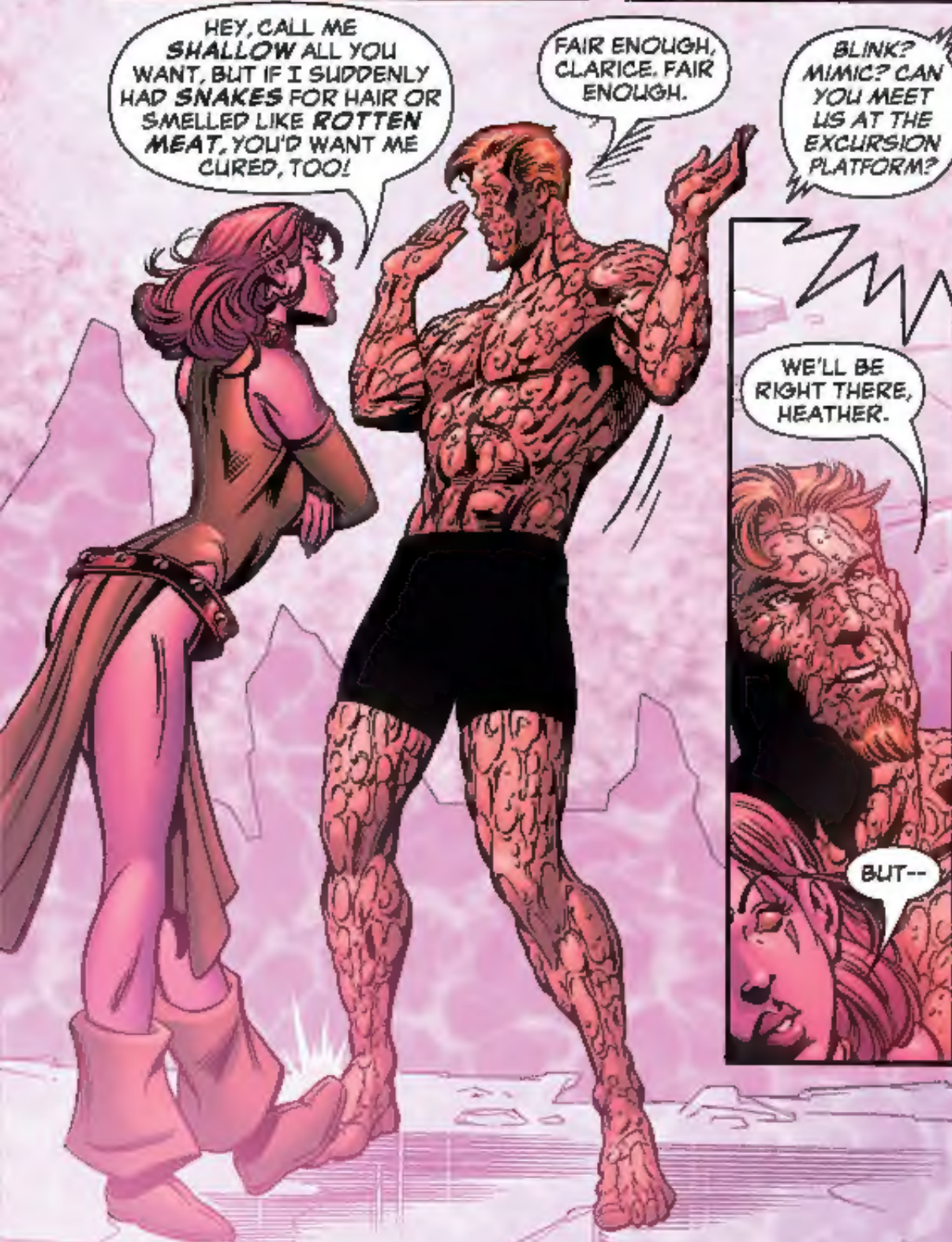


HEY, IF WORST COMES TO WORST, I'LL MIMIC MORPH'S POWER, AND JUST SHAPESHIFT BACK TO MY USUAL SELF.

NOT FUNNY, CAL. WE HAVE TO CURE THIS FOR REAL.

OKAY. SHEESH. IT DOESN'T HURT, Y'KNOW.

BUT...THAT'S NOT REALLY THE ISSUE, IS IT?



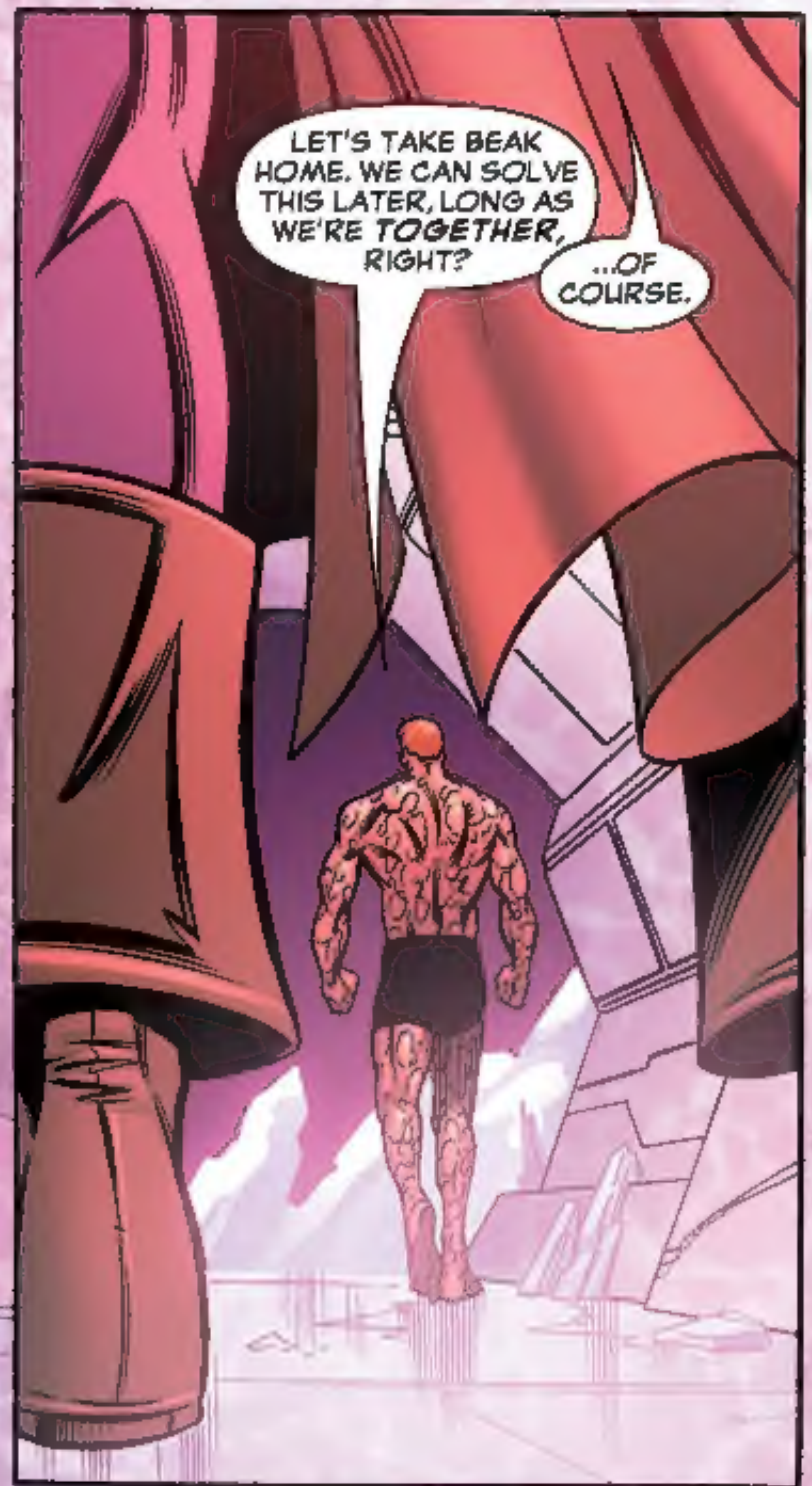
HEY, CALL ME SHALLOW ALL YOU WANT, BUT IF I SUDDENLY HAD SNAKES FOR HAIR OR SMELLED LIKE ROTTEN MEAT, YOU'D WANT ME CURED, TOO!

FAIR ENOUGH, CLARICE. FAIR ENOUGH.

BLINK? MIMIC? CAN YOU MEET US AT THE EXCURSION PLATFORM?

WE'LL BE RIGHT THERE, HEATHER.

BUT--



LET'S TAKE BEAK HOME. WE CAN SOLVE THIS LATER, LONG AS WE'RE TOGETHER, RIGHT?

...OF COURSE.

⊗ THE EXCURSION PLATFORM



I THOUGHT YOU TWO FIGURED OUT HOW TO CLEAR UP THIS SKIN THING.

WE HIT A SNAG, HEATHER. NOTHING THAT CAN'T WAIT TILL LATER.

OKAY. REMEMBER HOW WE WERE ALL TOLD WE'D BEEN "UNHINGED FROM TIME"?

WELL, THE TIMEBREAKERS HAVE RE-HINGED BEAK. HE'S BACK IN SYNC WITH HIS NATIVE REALITY AND READY TO GO HOME FOR GOOD.

BUT WE STILL CAN'T SEE EARTH SIX-ONE-SIX ON THE VIEW SCREENS. IT'S THERE, BUT SOMETHING IS PREVENTING CLEAR RECEPTION.



SO YOU'RE GOING IN BLIND. I CAN KEEP YOU FROM MATERIALIZING IN SOMETHING SOLID, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL GREET YOU.



WHY IS THIS PARTICULAR EARTH ALWAYS SUCH A PAIN IN THE BUTT?

YOU DO NOT HAVE TO COME--YOU HAVE ALL DONE ENOUGH FOR ME. BUT I CANNOT WAIT ANY LONGER, NOT KNOWING IF MY FAMILY IS SAFE.



WE'RE NOT GONNA DUMP YOU INTO THE GREAT UNKNOWN, BARNELL.



USE THE TALLUS TO CONTACT ME AS SOON AS YOU'RE THERE!

FAASH

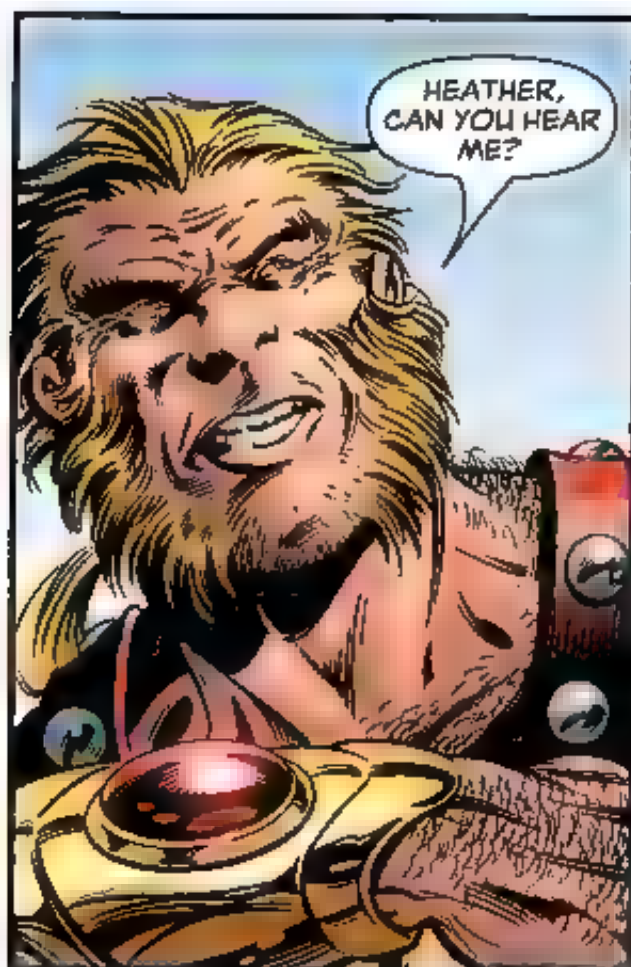




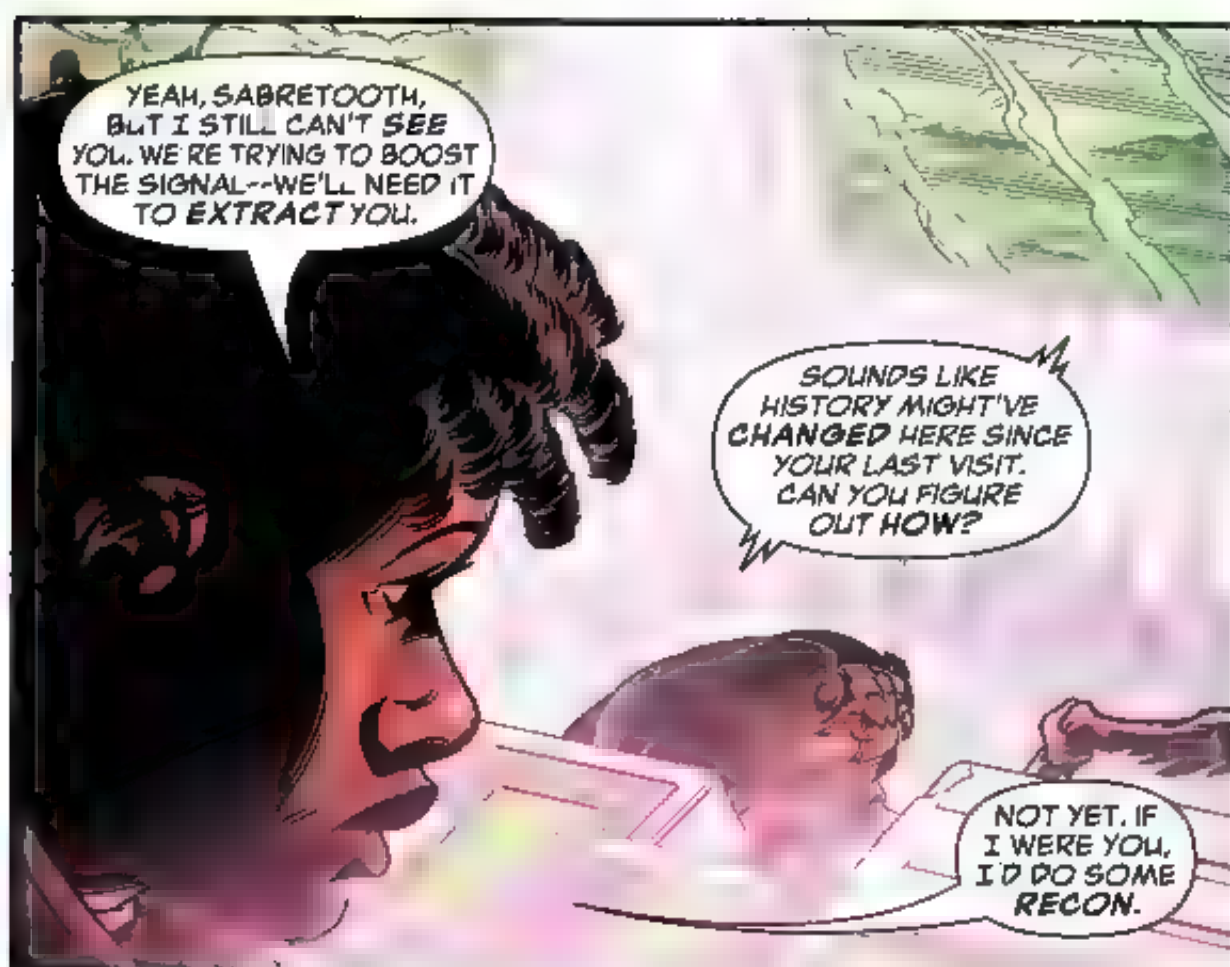
...WORST...
TELEPORT...
EVER...

OOHHHH...
THAT WAS...
REALLY
WRONG...





HEATHER,
CAN YOU HEAR
ME?



YEAH, SABRETOOTH,
BUT I STILL CAN'T SEE
YOU. WE'RE TRYING TO BOOST
THE SIGNAL--WE'LL NEED IT
TO EXTRACT YOU.

SOUNDS LIKE
HISTORY MIGHT'VE
CHANGED HERE SINCE
YOUR LAST VISIT.
CAN YOU FIGURE
OUT HOW?

NOT YET. IF
I WERE YOU,
I'D DO SOME
RECON.



⊗ TIMES SQUARE
45 MINUTES LATER...

GOING ON CONTEXT,
I'D SAY "SAPIEN" IS WHAT
THEY CALL NON-MUTANTS.
AND BY THE LOOK OF THINGS,
SAPIENS ARE DEFINITELY
THE MINORITY NOW.

HOW COULD
THINGS HAVE
CHANGED THIS
MUCH?



LOOKS AS IF
MAGNETO IS A HEAD
OF STATE--AND A
PRETTY WELL LOVED
ONE AT THAT.

BUGLE

MAGNUS
TOMORROW

MUTANT X'
ER STRIKES AGAIN

CAN
WE PLEASE
JUST FIND OUT
IF ANGEL AND
THE KIDS ARE
OKAY?



SENTINELS?!

SOMEBODY STILL HATES MUTANTS.

NO, WAIT...

...THE CROWD'S NOT EVEN REACTING. LIKE THEY SEE THEM EVERY DAY...

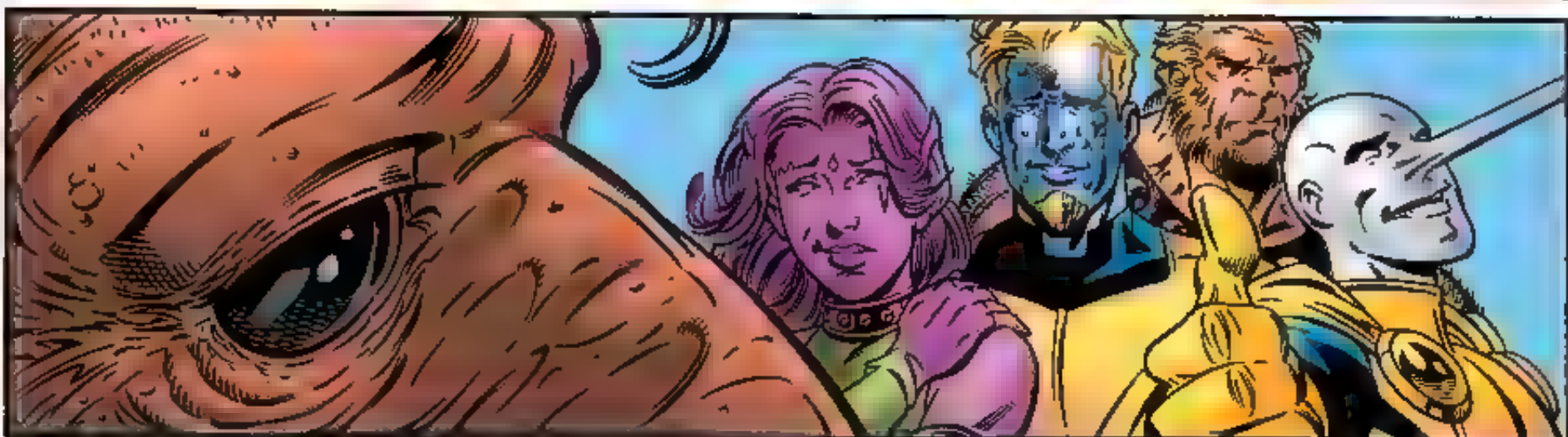
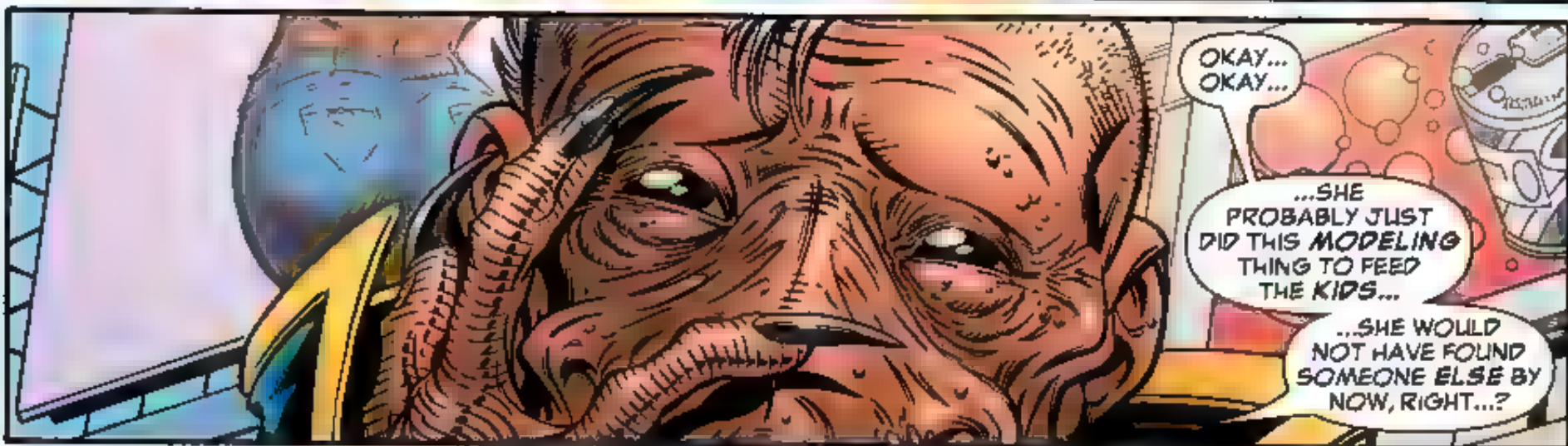
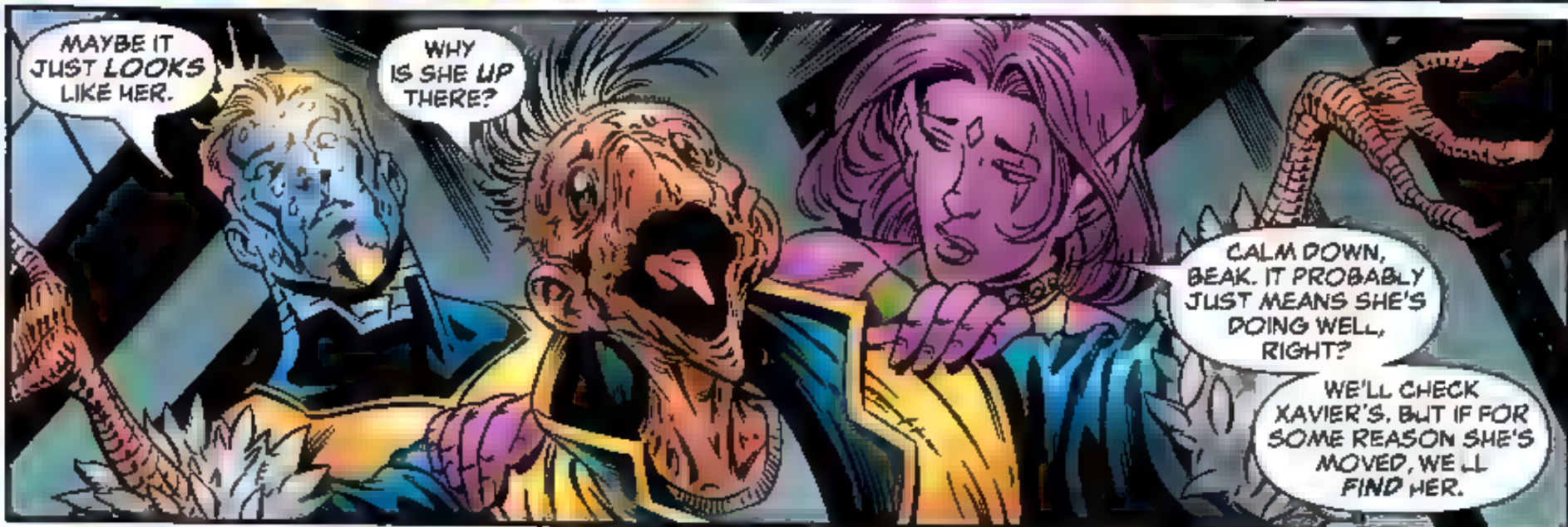
LIKE COPS ON PATROL.

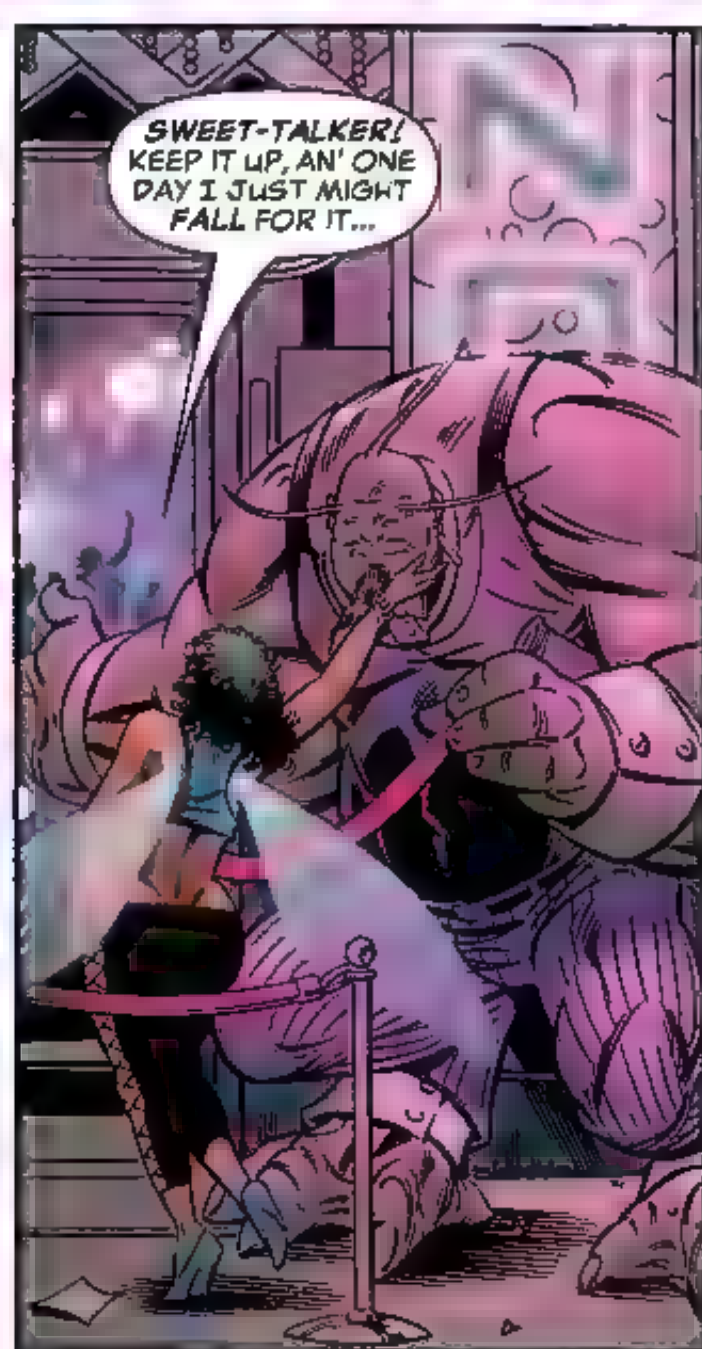
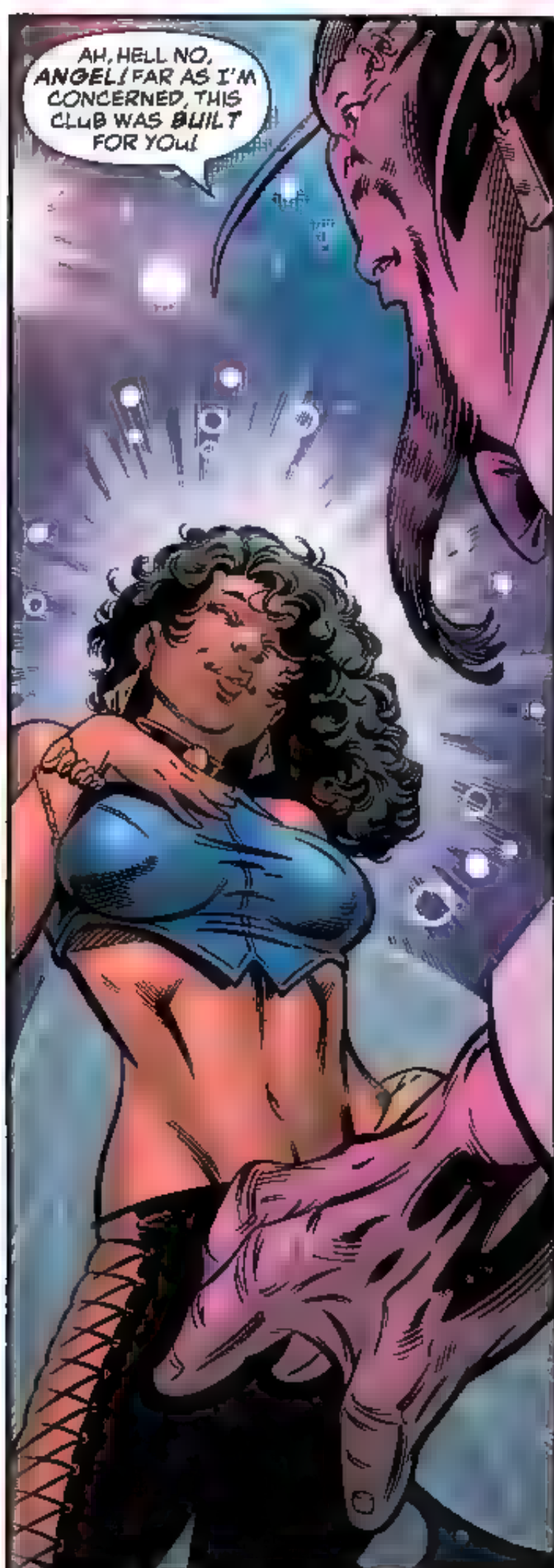
Y'THINK MAGNETO PROGRAMMED 'EM?

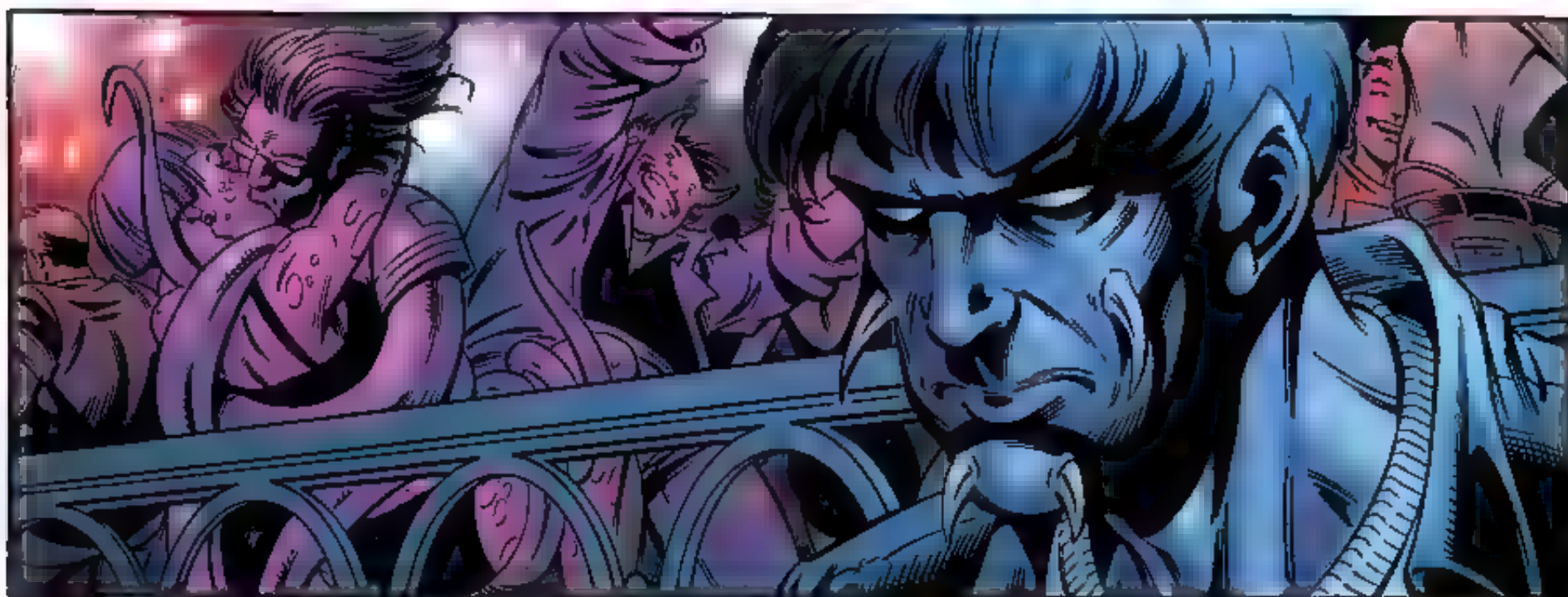
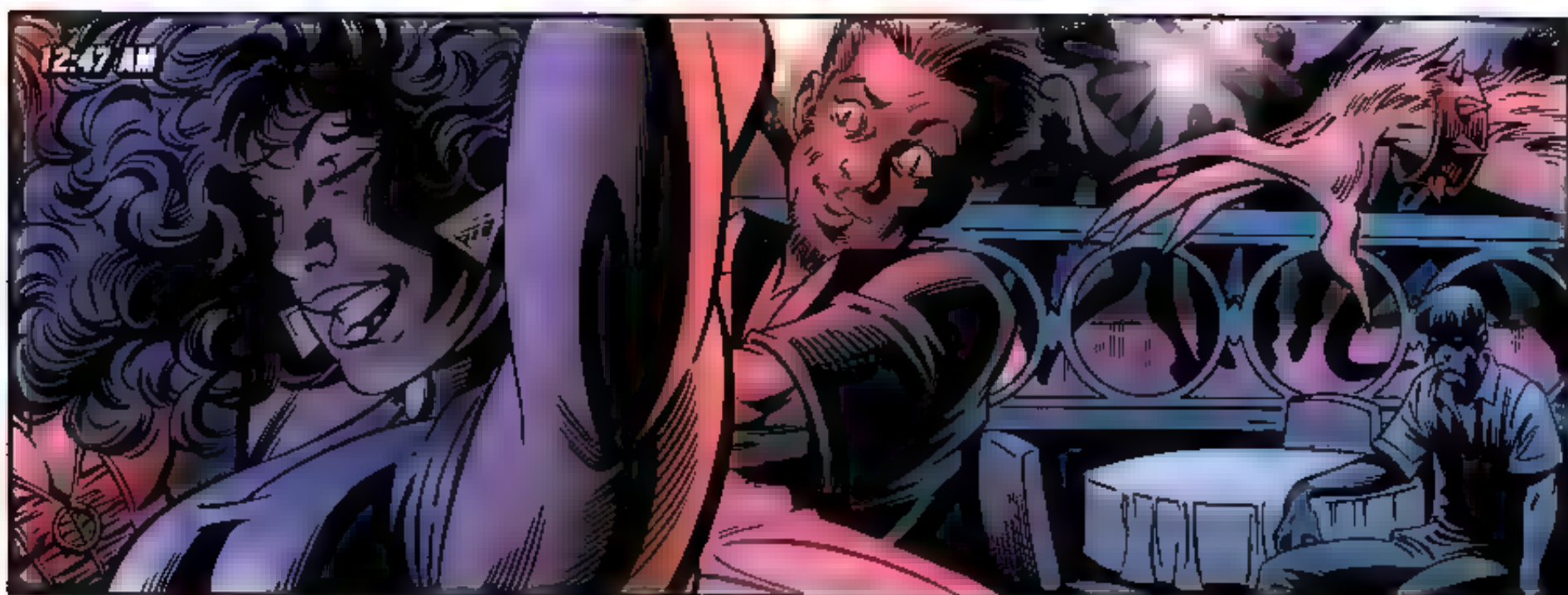
COULD THIS BE THE FIRST REALITY WE'VE VISITED THAT'S ACTUALLY BEEN IMPROVED?

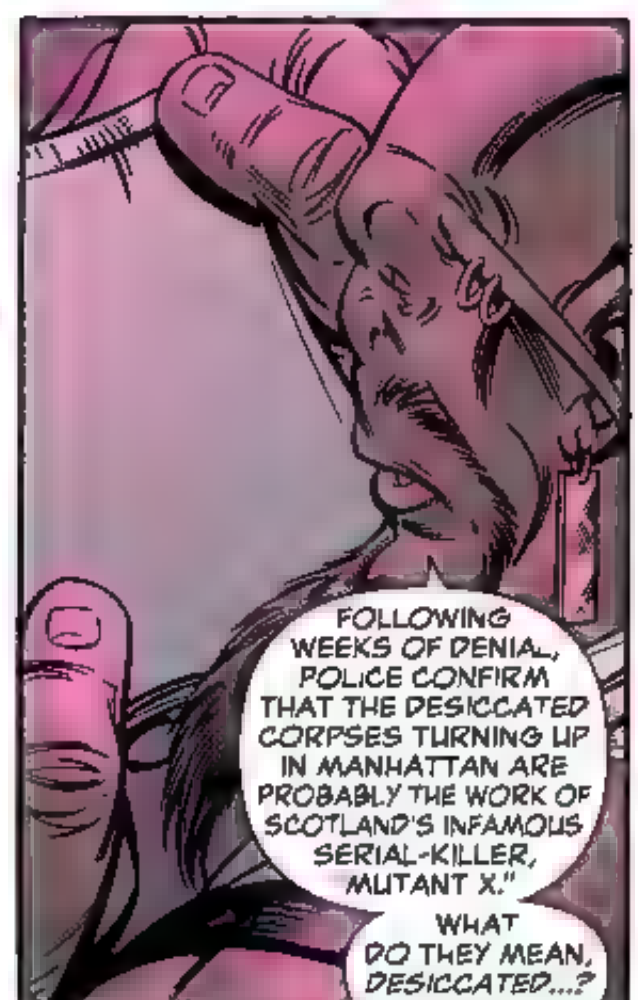
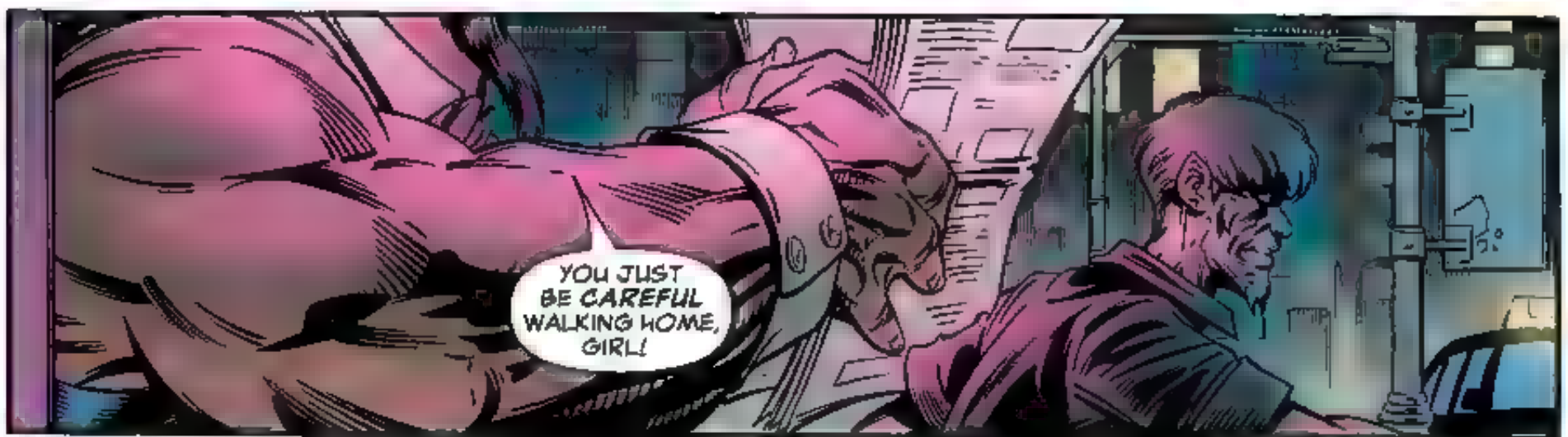
OH, MY GAWD...!

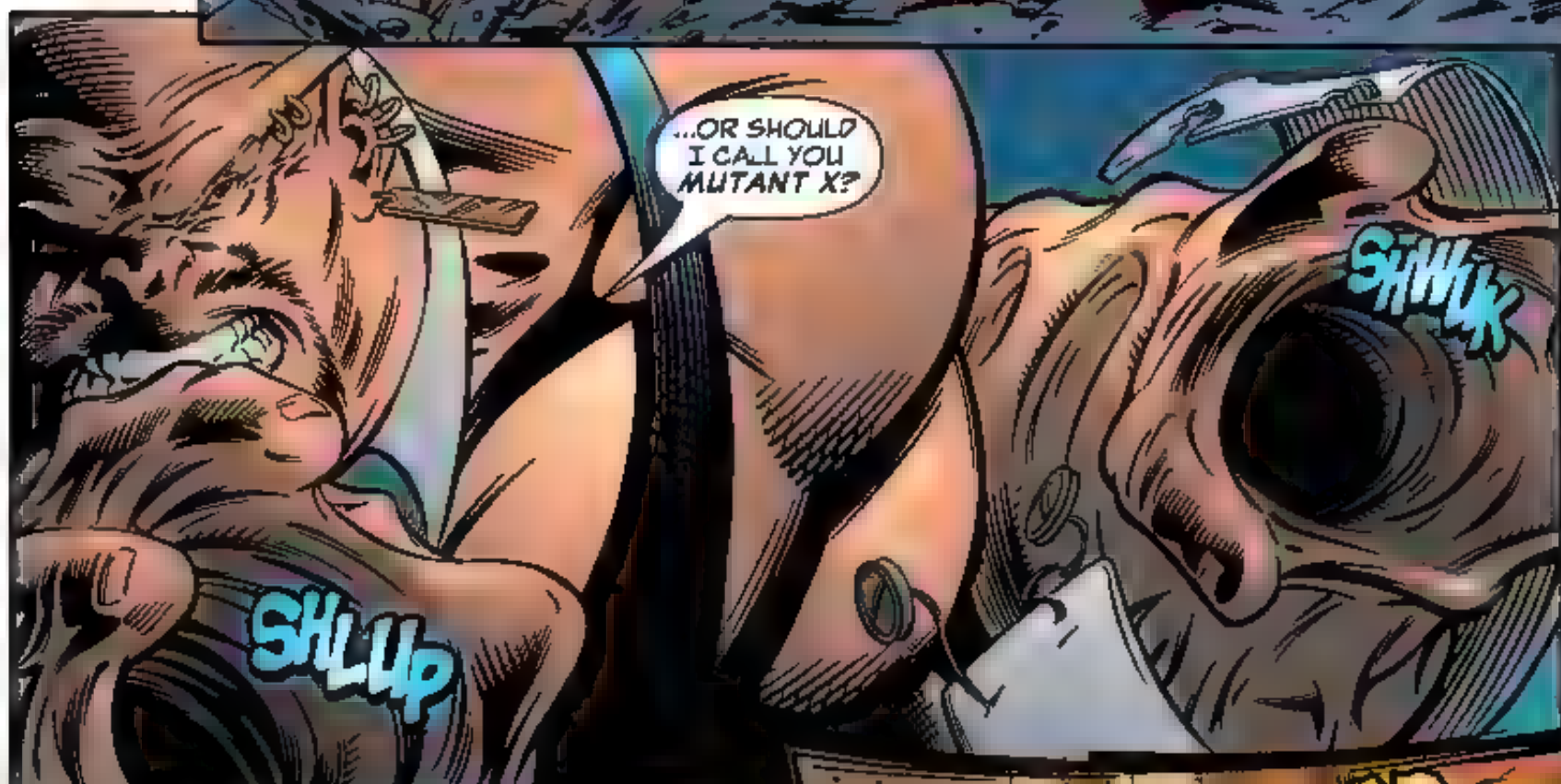


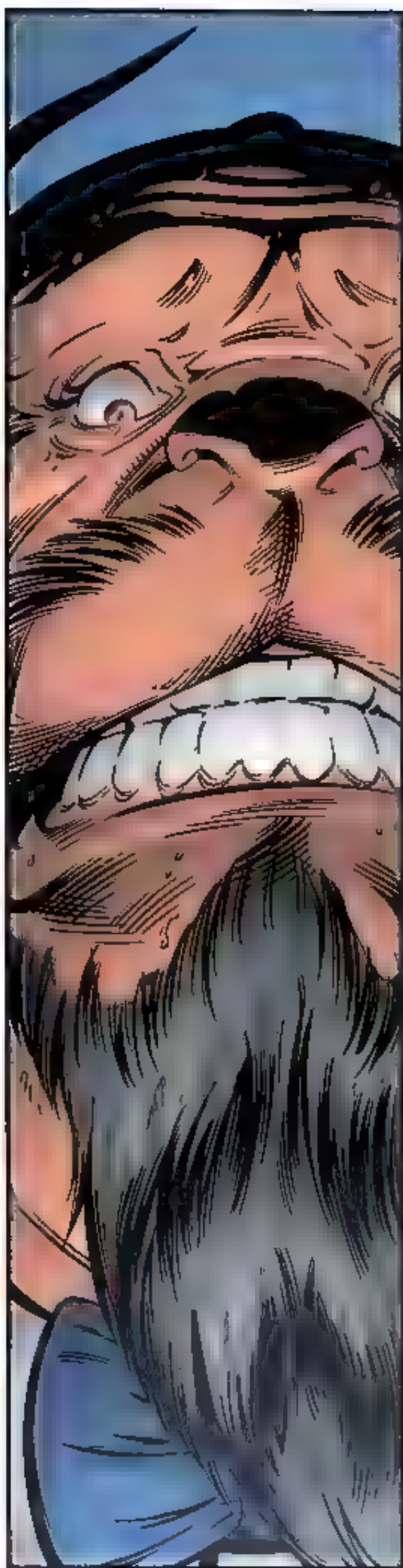




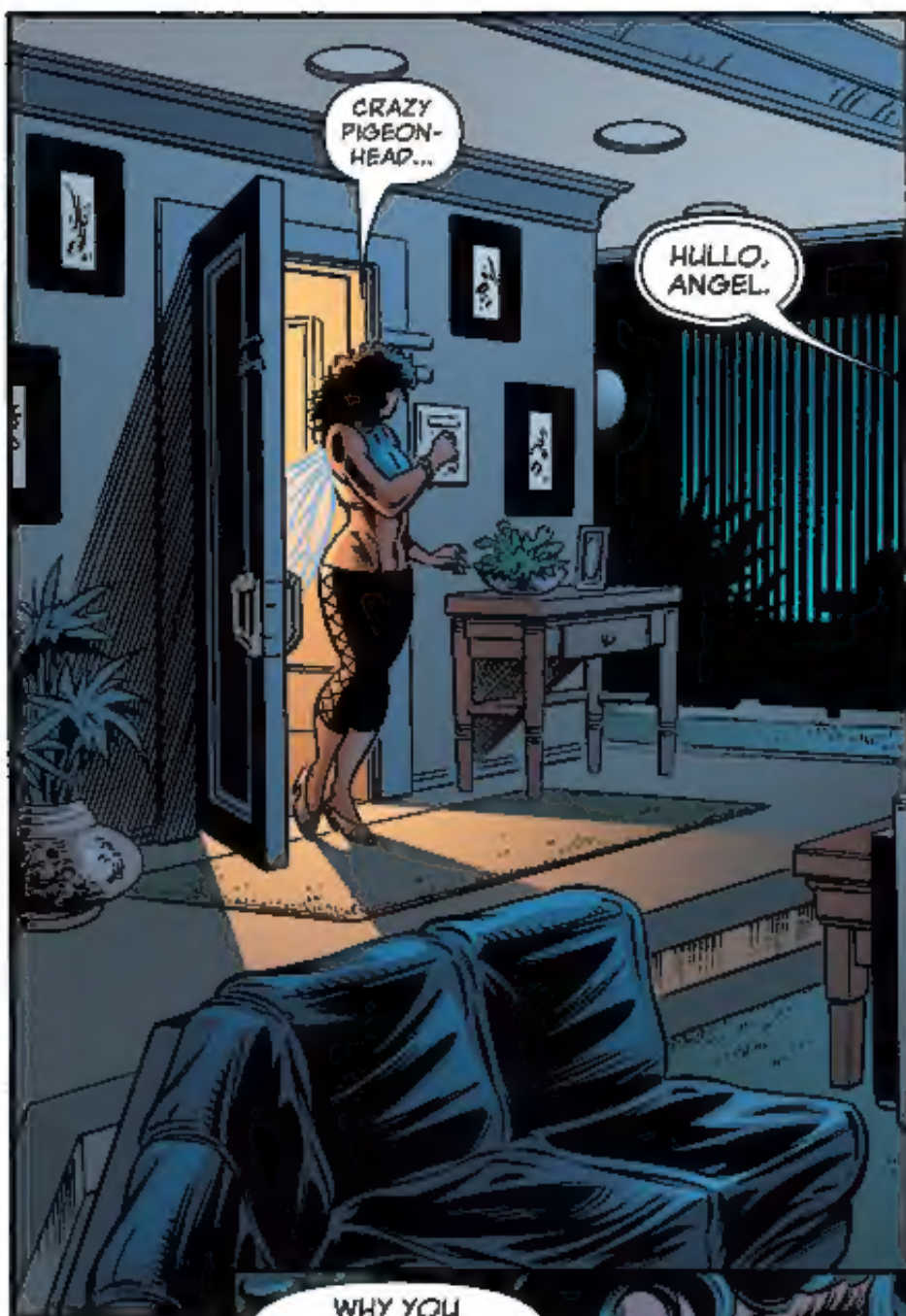












CRAZY
PIGEON-
HEAD...

HULLO,
ANGEL.



BLUNDERBUSS?!
WHAT THE DEVIL YOU
DOIN' IN HERE?

YE'D
THINK A BIG STRONG
SHELL LIKE THIS
WOULD LAST A WHILE,
BUT HE'S ALREADY
WORN THIN.

I GUESS YE
JUS' NEVER KNOW
WHICH ONES'LL GIVE
OUT ON YE.



WHY YOU
TALKIN' LIKE THAT,
BLUNDERBUSS?

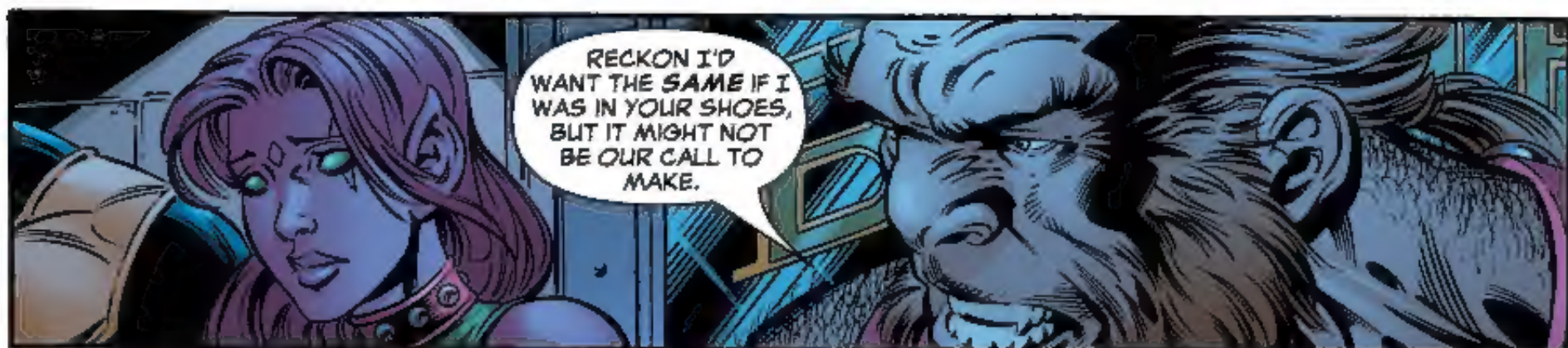
I
NEED YOU,
ANGEL.


HEY, YOU
KNOW WE'RE
JUST FRIENDS,
RIGHT?



AYE, HE KNEW IT
WELL. LOVED YOU
LIKE A SISTER,
SO HE DID.

BUT
BLOUNDERBUSS
IS ALL GONE NOW.
AN' IN A MINUTE, SO
WILL YEH BE.





I THOUGHT
BECOMIN' A SUPER-
MODEL WOULD BE THE
HIGHLIGHT O' MY DAY,
BUT YEH PEOPLE...

...OCH, THERE'S
SOMETHIN' DEAD
SPECIAL ABOUT YE,
ISN'T THERE? I CAN
TASTE IT FROM
HERE.

AND I'LL BE
HAVIN' YUIR SECRET,
SO I SHALL...

⊗ NEXT:
THE AWFUL TRUTH
ABOUT MUTANT X!